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HAWAIIAN

SKETCHES

BY

GEO. H. DE LA VERGNE



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INTRODUCTION.



I realize that these sketches furnish no information to the earnest seeker after facts in regard to Hawaii. I desire to state briefly the conditions which will face the peaceful invader from the Mainland coming to the Islands.

Hawaii is not a new country. American capital has been there for many years, and the various lines of industry have been fully developed. It is not the place for a man of small capital and large family. The success of the coffee industry is not as yet assured, though it is possible that a young man with some capital and a fondness for seclusion and a rural life might succeed in it. There is undoubtedly room for men in Hawaii who

have money to invest. For instance, Honolulu could very well afford to have a few first-class hotels. But Hawaii is by no means a Klondyke of new possibilities for the American laboring man, mechanic or farmer.

Oakland, November, 1898.

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OUR TRIP TO THE VOLCANO.



“The channels between the islands of Oahu, Maui, Molokai and Hawaii are said to be the roughest waters on the globe.”

—*Mary H. Krout.*

Where rolls the *Kinau* and hears no sound save her own splashing and the groans of wearied souls cabined and confined, and likewise ill. Whether the good ship *Kinau* stood on the top of her masts while crossing the Oahu channel, I can not assert positively, but I am sure she did while crossing the one that separates Maui and Hawaii. But this is anticipating. As we passed under the lee of Molokai there came a short time of comparative rest, which enabled us to look out of our cabin door, and there rose before our eyes the red slopes of the island, with dust devils caught up here and there by the wandering breeze. Higher up towards the crest of Molokai are deep green gashes in the hills.

Meanwhile the seas are rushing past in the gleaming sunshine, and you would be willing to give the great ocean, with all its glory and freedom, for one square foot of that ugly, solid, red earth to stand upon. In this mood you propound to your soul the question, "Why were you such a fool as to leave the comparative heaven of the quiet land for this pounding purgatory of the seas?" But the question is unanswered as the ship heads into the second choppy channel and you come up faint and gasping in the blessed shelter of another island—Maui. But as an addendum to this last crossing, I desire to pay my tribute to the cheerful individual who sat just outside my cabin door on a camp stool with his feet braced against the rail while the ship swayed hither and thither, and related funny stories to the ladies, who lay stretched out on the steamer chairs, wrapped up in rugs, and with shawls almost hiding their pale faces, and that far, far away look in their eyes.

"Here, Steward," he called in vibrant tones,

to the obliging little Jap, "Bring up some doughnuts and mince pies for the ladies." Perhaps the ship will give another extraordinary lurch, and he will go over into the sea, camp stool and all, and I thought with deep thankfulness of the hungry sharks waiting to receive him.

While the ship is speeding along under the protecting shelter of the land, you crawl to the rail, and look feebly up at the great mountains. On West Mani they rise in gothic forms, with sharp ridges buttressing the higher and sharper heights, and deep valleys intervening. Crest rises above crest and peak over peak, but there is no jumbling of great mountains and of unwieldy rock. They are clean and clear cut in every outline, and over them is thrown a rich mantle of heavy tropical green. Between East and West Mani there is a narrow ribbon of red earth, which holds the two together. Across it the trade winds whirl great clouds of dust, which drift out to sea.

East Maui is simply one mountain, Haleakala, but it is sufficient. Its spreading sea skirts are green with the fields of sugar cane and further up the slope, there lies the temperate region of Kula, where grow corn, potatoes and wheat. Upon the Southern side are trees standing in clumps and circles of green; and what in years long past were unsightly cones of volcanic sand, are now mounds covered with a deep, smooth verdure. On the Hana, or eastern slope of the mountain, are great untamed tropical forests. It is a world in itself—this old giant among the volcanoes of the earth. Within its grasp, beyond that far rolling height there lies a land of mystery and desolation, with lofty cones, long stretches of lava and volcanic sands, and white, rolling clouds, and over all a silence, such as dwells on the death mask of the moon.

The Kinau comes to its first anchorage in Maalaea Bay at the corner of the narrow strip of land to which I have referred. The ship's boats are lowered from the davits

into the boncing waves, and quickly filled with squealing pigs and seasick Chinamen. Then comes the sport. There is a long standing controversy between the native crews, of the starboard and larboard boats as to their relative speed. Both crews use the plain Hawaiian stroke as opposed to the Courtney, Cook or Lehman methods. Their feet are kept firmly planted on the bottom of the boat and they stand quite erect and bend slightly on the forward reach, and then the oar is brought quickly back until it comes in contact with the head of some passenger. Then the process is repeated. The two crews had put a few Kalakaua dollars on the result as they sat beneath the bridge on the forward deck, discussing the situation, while crossing the channel. In the stern of the starboard boat stands the redoubtable Jim Crow, one of the best steerers among the Hawaiian boatmen, and that is saying a great deal. He has on a red flannel undershirt, which answers the purpose of personal distinction as well as ever

did the white and waving plume of Navarre. Tall and sinewy he stands, with both hands grasping the oar and his face is as imperturbable as an Indian's and indeed he has the same high cheek bones, swarthy skin and straight black hair of the American savage. Hence his name. His keen black eyes are fixed on the advancing waves and he guides his boat with unerring skill beneath the toppling breakers and through the green vales of water, using the steering oar with the same instinctive deftness and power as a shark uses his guiding fin, as he cuts through the water. Not a smile lights up his face as his boat crosses the bow of the other and bumps alongside of the wharf—it is a matter of course with him, not of congratulation. These Hawaiian boatmen are worthy of more than passing mention, for they are the masters of these southern seas, even as the Norseman was once the ruler of his wild northern waters. He knows the ocean, he loves it, and the timid landlubber can place absolute

confidence in his faithfulness, skill and courage. When the boats have been again swung to their places the *Kinau* steams along the Mani coast towards the Hawaii channel. It is now drawing towards evening, and the setting sun kindles his rosy watch fires on the heights of Haleakala, Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa. Then "At one stride comes the dark" and the ship is soon bucketing through the roaring seas, while the hours towards midnight stretch out to eternity and as you lean against your cabin door for a moment you hear the swish of the waters through the darkness and see the stars reeling in the sky. From a wretched doze you awake to find the ship lying in absolute quiet at Kawaihae. The desolate coast of Hawaii is hidden by the soft gloom, through which rises the shadowy bulks of Mauna Loa and Hualalai. Gladly you seek the fresh air on deck. The moon, which is but a golden rind in the low east, casts a faint light on the quiet waters of the bay and towards the shore can be heard

faintly the dip of the oars of one of the ship's boats. My friend, whom I shall call the "humorist," orders some black coffee and toast, while I restrict myself to iced ginger ale and soda crackers. There is something so neutral about these crackers that you can eat them under the most trying conditions. The humorist with rare good breeding forbears making any reference to my recent illness but speaks of other matters.

"Do you notice those black walls rising on the hill over there?" he asked, pointing towards the shore. "They enclosed what was once the most famous temple on these Islands. In fact this place in the old days used to be the great sacred rendezvous for the natives and they were accustomed to come here by the thousands to sacrifice to the gods, and also to catch fish, both of equal importance in their eyes. Many varieties of fish abound in this bay and the water is so clear that you can see them thirty or forty feet down."

"What were these sacrifices?" I inquired.

“Human, or rather inhuman,” he answered.

“The priests used to slay their victims on the altar in the sacred anu and use their entrails for the purpose of divination.”

As I looked again at that black square upon the shore it had acquired a new interest and meaning for me. There was a deeper darkness around it than came from the night, an exhalation of mystery arose from its walls. For cruel death and bloody sacrifice had been wrought within that enclosure, which gave it an unholy yet lasting consecration. It is not strange that the natives regard it with superstitious fear. For them the somber place is filled with ghosts and evil spirits nesting thickly within the walls, or flying about on bat-like wings, like birds of evil omen.

Soon the gray presence of the morn stepped quickly forth upon the land and sea, and cast from her shoulders the dark shadows of the night. Our ship, as the light grew stronger, turned upon her track and

sailed up the coast to Manakona. The wind was blowing great guns, presumably thirteen-inch, off shore and flattening out the yeasty seas beneath its force. Under the circumstances I refused the invitation of the humorist to go ashore in one of the boats. It happened he was tax assessor for one of the islands, and said he desired to appraise the value of some of the blocks in Manakona, which place consisted of one white house and a weather-beaten store, while around it lay a country which was as desolate as only a tropical one can be when it decides to become a desert. Then he, with a brother assessor, who was aboard, and several other presumably intelligent individuals, climbed into the boat, and it was quickly lowered down the side. They waved to us, who were watching them over the rail, and made audible comments on our lack of nerve.

"I shall telephone to Hilo," shouted back one, "that there is a party of distinguished congressmen aboard, who have come down to spy out the land, and they will prepare some fatted pups for your luau."

“Better not tell them that there are any tax assessors in the bunch,” retorted an individual leaning over the rail, “or the hospitable citizens will make our reception a trifle too tropical.”

The boat had now drifted away from the ship's side about seventy-five feet, when to our glad surprise we observed that they were not making any headway against the tremendous wind, though the sturdy natives were bending their oars through the water. The gray-whiskered old captain was looking down grimly from the bridge, for they had started in spite of his advice not to attempt a landing. Our party on deck tried to furnish them with helpful advice and add to their happiness by pleasant comments.

“Is that the fast boat? If so, what is it fast to?”

“Why don't you fellows in the stern take off your coats and help row?” remarked one.

“Better throw up the sponge, along with the other things,” suggested a pale convalescent.

“Don’t leave us in that unceremonious manner,” protested a third. “Are you gentlemen going to Mauakona, Samoa, or are you going to stay?”

“If you get there before we do,” we all shouted in chorus.

The party in the boat waved their hats and urged us “to come off our perch,” which we firmly declined to do.

Just then a note of tragedy came in, “Come back, George, dear,” wailed a feminine voice at my elbow. “You will be drowned;” but George, who seemed somewhat despondent, could not come back, so he waved a deprecatory hand, and then looked over the boat’s side.

Just then there came a loud splintering sound. The bow oar, a big fat kanaka, had put on too much force, and his blade was shattered. Then the boat began to drift in earnest, the steerer contenting himself with keeping her straight before the wind, and in a short time they were far astern. All hands

were now summoned aft to reassure the distracted bride.

“There was absolutely no danger,” “This had happened before,” “In a short time the steamer would pick them up.”

But it was all to no avail. She would glance for a moment at the boat, which was now a mere black speck, bobbing on the waters, then her shapely head would go down on the rail and she would moan, “Oh, George, I shall never, never see you again.”

Finally the purser's boat returned from the shore, and the steamer was swung round and headed towards the runaways. In ten minutes we overhauled them. A quickly improvised reception committee had gathered on deck to receive them as they stepped pale and rather drenched, from the boat.

“Fine place, Mauakona,” said one of the committee, “so convenient to telephone from.”

“Nothing like having a boat of your own in which to sail the summer seas,” remarked the chairman.

“It looked like a judgment on you tax assessors,” said a third.

“I don’t know about that,” replied the humorist, imperturbably, “I shall value the land more highly than ever now.”

Meanwhile George was holding a reception that must have repaid him for all his trouble.

“Think I shall certainly bring my wife next time,” remarked an elderly gentleman sitting near the rail, “and try this little experiment. Nothing like danger for restoring the affections.”

We discovered afterwards that it was only a cold bluff on his part, and that he was not married at all.

A few hours later we rounded the northern point of Hawaii and were soon steaming down the beautiful Hamakua coast. The black precipices rose in a continuous line of palisades from out the sea, with no white beach shelving down. The great green surges, with the force of the Pacific behind them, rolled against the perpendicular walls, the dark surfaces of

which were veined at frequent intervals by the silvery lines of the waterfalls, or graced by the vines, which fell in straight lines or were looped in varied shapes. Beyond these cliffs there rose the splendid slopes, covered with great fields of cane. Here and there were groves of royal palms and slender cocoa trees, fit temples for the gods of ancient Hawaii, who were supposed to dwell in streams and groves and mountains. Still higher up the slopes grew the forests of koa and kukui. At times the skirts of the clouds, heavy with moisture, dragged along the lower slopes, and a soft gloom would diffuse itself over the landscape. Then the sun would roll the mists aside for the moment and the light would fall upon tropical vales, hills and slopes, with all the vividness of the early spring, and yet with the full, rich splendor of summer.

We reached Hilo in the afternoon and reported no cholera and only a few cases of serious seasickness. I met the humorist several hours after our arrival, down town, looking

for his trunk, which had not yet put in its appearance. He seemed outwardly calm, and his language was restrained as he explained to the stout purser, who just came bustling up, and who had many excuses to offer; that he was perfectly aware of the fact that the steamship corporation was a noble organization and was run entirely in the interest of humanity, and though he did not wish to insinuate that it was carrying his trunk concealed about its person with felonious intent, nevertheless it contained things which would be of great and immediate use to him. "And why," he asked in reasonable tones, "should the company have superfluous suits on its hands?" He got the trunk.

The next morning we procured, after much effort and diplomacy, two horses from the autocrat of the only livery stable in Hilo, and started on our ride of thirty-one miles to the volcano. It was overcast and muggy as we left the village, but after following the road for several miles up the gradual slope we emerged

from the overhanging growth into the sunshine, while the air gradually lost its murky heaviness and became clear and vital. Along the distant coast was the ever present sea, ringing with its broad band of blue the island, and its calm surface was burnished with the glow of the white sun, which gazed from its own illimitable blue into the illimitable blue beneath. Before us rose from slow and massive slopes to their sun-crowned heights, the two brothers, Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea. It is only Mauna Loa who keeps the sacred fire burning on his altars; the other dwells in unapproachable calm, robed in sunshine and girt with clouds. As we went on our way there rose continually before our eyes that distant pillar of gray white smoke, far up the slope of Mauna Loa, which marked the mecca of our travels and sufferings by sea and land.

We had been on the way a couple of hours when we overtook the four-seated stage. From both sides were the heads of the pilgrims craned out as they gazed at the tropical

foliage. They were all curiously and wonderfully decorated with tropical flowers, and wreathed with vines. As we rode past we told our steamer friends that they were a bit slow and that we would take great pleasure in ordering dinner for them at the Volcano House. However, our pride was to receive a severe blow, for we had not ridden many miles when we were overtaken by a bicyclist, with head low bent, crouching form and stealthy tread. He passed us as if we had been anchored to the road. But what to him was all the beauty surrounding him? He saw nothing but the black road that flew beneath his wheel and might just as well have been in the Desert of Sahara.

“They are a strange people, these bicycle faddists,” remarked the humorist, “half human, half mechanical creatures.”

Perhaps our discomforture had something to do with this cynical reflection.

After lunch at the Half-way House, we rode into the coffee belt. Some of the places

appeared very home-like and pleasant, with their carefully cultivated rows of coffee shrubs, their scarlet berries shining amid the glossy green leaves, and with the fern-slab walks leading to the neat cottages, while children were at play in the yards or on the shaded road. Veritable oases of cultivation in the midst of the tangled wilderness of tropical growth.

But I can hear the plain American citizen growling, "Hang your descriptions. How much per cent can we realize on our capital invested in this industry?"

Don't ask me; ask the humorist, he has a coffee plantation of his own. He knows, but he won't tell. Then there is the Hawaiian government; it bubbles over with information on the subject.

Further on, the road was like a narrow stream, running along the bottom of a ravine, with ferns and vines and matted vegetation along the steep sides. As the sun marked the middle of the afternoon we came out on a

high plateau, covered with old lava flows, only partially concealed by grass, ferns and small trees. If our horses had left the road on either side they would have been quickly swallowed up in one of the deep fissures, whose treacherous depths were concealed by the vegetation. We were now near our goal, and from the edge of the mesa could look over into the crater, from whose center was pouring a ceaseless flood of smoke.

In the evening the stage arrived and we went out to welcome our belated friends. There was one young man in the crowd who made himself conspicuous. Nothing pleased him and he let it be known. He insisted that he had been brutally deceived in the volcano, that it was nothing but smoke. He might have stated also that the mountains were nothing but a collection of dirt, and the sea an aggregation of salt water. It depends on the point of view. He demanded that the proprietor of the hotel should fire up his old volcano, or there would be immediate trouble.

We feared that Madame Pele, who must have overheard his remarks, would sink entirely out of sight, or flare up in sudden anger, but she continued to smoke on in imperturbable peace.

In the early dawn, before the sun had risen from the cold sea to loosen with his warm fingers the mist clinging to the mountain sides and while the steam was rising from the floor of the crater like the smoking campfires of a great army, the humorist and myself started down to the home of the Goddess of Fire. So much has been written in Pele's honor by great travelers and literati from the ends of the earth, that I shall make my necessary tribute to her a very brief one. Around her rose the perpendicular walls of the old crater, and between them and the smoking cauldron stretched the plain of ancient lava flows; in some parts they were broken into innumerable sharp bits, in other portions they still retained their earlier form. In some places the flow was in appearance

like a huge serpent, whose writhings had been preserved in a perfect petrification. After a walk of a mile and a half, we drew near the crater, and the humorist remarked to himself in a casual tone, "And her smoke rose up for ever and ever." It was appropriate.

From the round crater, about a quarter of a mile in diameter, the smoke rolled, gushed and bellied out, white as summer clouds on the upper swells, and tinged with yellow sulphur, as it issued forth. It drifted slowly in a massive column southward down the mountain slope, spreading out thinly towards the far-off sea. A few years back, looking down into this crater, one could see the earth's heart laid bare with its red and beating pulses. Now there is nothing but this crowding, stifling vapor. Perhaps Pele's epitaph is written in this slowly drifting smoke.

As the cool of evening draws near we sally forth again from the hotel to visit what might be called the side shows of Kiluaea. First there is Kiluaea Eke to the left of the main

volcano and about three quarters of a mile from the hotel. It is an extinct volcano, its crater forming a perfect amphitheatre, with a pool of black lava far down at the bottom. The white mists roll in as you look, and the whole crater is shut from view, and you hurry back before the narrow path through the undergrowth is obscured by the clinging folds of white. Much nearer the Volcano House are the sulphur banks, the yellow flakes of which crunch under your feet like snow, only it is snow that is soiled, and warm to the touch, such as might have fallen thickly in the atmosphere of Dante's *Inferno*. The bushes overhanging the banks are incrustated with the yellow frost.

As the sun sinks behind the far crest of Mauna Loa its yellow banners are withdrawn from the mountain side, and the slopes look almost bleak in the bluish light, with the great lava flows running down them like gigantic streams of ink. There is a nip of cold in the air, and you gladly seek the warmth of the

big fireplace in the old-fashioned sitting room of the hotel, where you can sit in the circle of the fire light, the shadows wavering in the back part of the room, and listen to the stories of your fellow travelers, or watch the flames as they rush up the wide throat of the chimney.



MAUNA KEA.



Thou risest from the central purple seas;
Thy brow doth wear a crown of Arctic snow,
While round thy feet there stand the tropic
trees;

The royal palm and slender cocoa slow
Wave their dark plumes beneath the winds
which blow

From off the ocean's plain, and there doth rise
Along the slope the elm and oak in row on
row,

While from slow-rising base to crest there lies
The radiant light which dwells beneath the
southern skies.

Mauna Kea! From thine isolated throne
Thou rulest realms which stretch to distant
shores,
Where on the northern strand the gray waves
moan,

Or where the Orient heaps its richest stores,
 And o'er this world thy cloudy banner soars;
 Thy compeers are the lofty Alpine peaks
 And Himalayan heights which reach the doors
 Of Heaven's blue, on whom God's light first
 seeks
 Its earthly place and where its latest presence
 speaks.

When slow the sun begins its western course
 There come from valleys dark and seas a
 light;
 The loitering clouds, and soon in gathering
 force
 They form around thee in a ring of white.
 Thou sendest them on winds to take their
 flight,
 To thunder o'er the seas, or fill with rain
 The vales, till trees and slopes are hid from
 sight.
 The storm to thy clear height cannot attain;
 As sea and isle grow dusk the light from thee
 doth wane.

THE GHOST OF THE HEIAU.



If you are tired of civilization and desire to withdraw in absolute seclusion from this wicked and weary world, I know of no better place than Kipukai. It lies on the coast of Kauai and is shut in on the land side by perpendicular cliffs, beneath which are a few thousand acres of grazing land; and these cliffs sweep around until they meet the sea—and there you are, bottled up, but it is delightful, at least for a while. It is especially pleasant to lie in the hammock which swings in the shade of the broad lanai in front of the little white-washed cottage and watch the great blue billows of the Pacific as they roll between the black lava headlands into the little bay and spread out thinly upon the white sand of the beach, the glazing water edged with foam. Lulled by the continuous and monot-

onous roar of the waves you drop off into a profound sleep, and when you awake some hours later you decide it is too close under the lanai and accordingly move around to the little porch on the mauka side of the house, where you can raise your eyes from the novel you are reading and watch the shadows as they creep down the steep mountain sides just above you or study out the strange patterns of the forests clinging to them. These forests are like inlaid work with the dark leaves of the Koa intermingled with the creamy white of the Kukui. Sometimes they resemble to your eye rich old tapestries hung on the dark mountain walls. Old Hoary Head, the chieftain of the Kipukai Range, has a distinction of his own as he has not the Gothic form of the other mountains, but is Byzantine in shape, with the great dome of green rising a thousand feet above the ridge.

In the summer of 1896 a party consisting of half a dozen young fellows, college boys home for vacation, were over in Kipukai, not,

however seeking rest and repose, for they came to hunt the goats which infest the mountain ranges and to fish for the sharks which abound in the waters along the coast.

One evening we were gathered on the lanai, as usual after supper, smoking our pipes and comparing notes on the day's fortunes. The members of the coast division who preferred sharking or gathering shells by the murmuring sea, had some remarkable tales to tell of the monsters of the deep they had either seen or caught, but they produced no extrinsic evidence; while the mountain division had a pair of horns but the goats they had shot had unfortunately fallen over the cliffs just out of reach.

"I'm sure I hit that old black Billy, didn't you see him limping off?" remarked one of the hunters.

"Fell into the limpid sea, I suppose, and committed suicide, as usual," returned one of the sharkers.

He was immediately sat upon, his sense of

humor not being appreciated by the majority. After this came anecdotes sacred, secular and profane, which I shall omit, being studious of brevity. Then followed the usual talk whenever college boys get together. The man from Yale had a few words to offer, as he lay on his back puffing at his pipe, in regard to the relative merits of the Cook, Courtney and Lehman strokes, and also spoke of the actresses he had met. The Harvard representative explained philosophically why his University did not always win in athletics. The Cornell man spoke modestly of their ability to outrow anything on the waters, not barring Pennsylvania; while the Tech graduate stated that at his institution there was more work than play.

As it grew darker, with no light except that which came from the pipes or the glowing end of some cigar, the talk drifted into ghost lore, and several thrilling experiences were related by the various members of the "Amalgamated Order of Unsuccessful Hunters," as they

styled themselves. The only drawback to the solemnity of the occasion was the conduct of the Yale man, who displayed unusual signs of fear at the wrong place. His teeth would chatter audibly and he would grasp the fellow next to him convulsively and consequently a fight would ensue.

“What is that I hear,” he exclaimed excitedly, at one point, “is it the waves moaning on the lonely beach?”

When peace was restored, young Rowan, whose large frame was stretched out on the floor, with his head resting on the door-sill, spoke up: “I will tell you fellows a little incident that happened to me not long ago, if you care to hear it.”

We told him to fire away, as he was an unusually intelligent young fellow who had lived a long time on the islands, and was reticent unless he had something to tell.

“Most of you fellows know of that old heiau beyond Koloa on the slope about a

mile above the sea. It rises in the shape of a square, looking like a deserted cattle pen, for of course the interior temple disappeared many years ago. By the way you have no idea, unless you have lived among them, how superstitious the natives are about everything, especially in regard to these old temples. I will give you an instance of their disposition in that line. Some old hag of a kahuna, or sorceress, will obtain a lock of hair, or a piece of toe or finger nail from some unfortunate kanaka, and by means of a black stick, a stone god and a bottle of gin, with various heathen incantations, will anaana or pray to death that particular heathen until he goes into a decline and finally gives up the ghost from actual fright; fear freezes the soul out of him.

“Here is another illustration: You know that place on the road between Koloa and Lihue, just above the bridge where the lahala trees come down the slope. No native will pass that after

night, if he can help it, for it is haunted for him in some peculiar way of which we have no conception; but the site of one of their old heathen temples is the place of combined horror and ghostliness for them. I wager that you might put up a house where one of the old heiaus once stood, fill the cellars with gin, the yard with fat pigs and string calabashes of poi along the veranda, and you could not get a kanaka to stay there over night, unless he was dead drunk; and then his friends would come and carry him away. I was perfectly aware of the fact that my men were afraid of this heiau near Koloa and would never pass by it after night had fallen. One evening, however, this state of affairs was brought forcibly to my attention. I was sitting on the lanai, smoking after a hard day's ride after cattle, when my head luna, an intelligent half white, who had graduated from one of the Honolulu schools, came dashing into the yard, and, throwing his bridle rein over the horse's head, came rapidly towards where I was sitting. I

may say, as a rule, he moved rather leisurely, except when he was on horseback. I saw there was something unusual the matter with him; he was trembling all over and there was a terrible fear lurking in his eyes. 'What's up,' I asked. He spoke in short, gasping breath as if he had been running: 'I was galloping along the road not five minutes ago and was just opposite the old heiau and going at a pretty good gait, when my horse suddenly sprang sideways into the ditch and stood trembling. I could not see anything at first and I spurred him, but it was no use.' He stopped for breath and looked furtively behind him. Then I went to the dining room and poured some brandy into a glass and brought it out to him. In a white man such fear would have been cowardly, but I knew with a native it was different. He continued: 'Then I saw something trying to crawl up the side of the stone wall of the heiau and it fell back into the grass with a kind of a moan; at this my horse jumped forward down the road,

and looking back I saw the thing wavering on the wall and then fall into the enclosure.' I realized this was rather serious, for I had confidence in the man's nerve, and I did not wish the report to spread among the men.

" 'I don't deny, Henry,' I said, 'that you have seen something, but it is probably some cursed nonsense, as most all these cases are. More than likely it was one of the bushes inside of the stone wall of the heiau waving in the moonlight—anyway don't speak of this to the men and to-morrow night I will camp out there, and then we will see what's in it.'

" 'Very well, sir,' he replied, as he walked away. At the edge of the lanai he stopped for a moment. 'Better take your revolver with you.' 'Not much,' I replied, 'what good would that do with a ghost? I would rather have a kahuna.' I thought Henry laughed rather unpleasantly, as he swung himself onto his horse and rode out of the yard.

"Late the next afternoon I had my horse

saddled, and, tying a roll of blankets on behind and filling my pockets with some Manila cigars, started off. Arriving near the heiau I tied my horse to the roots of a lahala tree with the lasso, about two hundred yards from the road. Then I examined the heiau; it was about one hundred feet square, surrounded with heavy walls several feet thick composed of black lava rocks, and about six feet high. Jumping over into the sacred enclosure, I made a thorough examination, but found no prints of any kind in the red dirt near the center of the square. Most of the interior was covered with short grass. In three of the corners was a heavy growth of hau bushes. I selected the northeast corner for my resting place. Where the branches of the bushes almost swept the ground, and within their shelter the earth was cool and dry, and it was an excellent place to observe from, that is, if observation became necessary. But I fully expected to go to sleep and not wake until the sunshine was

pouring into the enclosure the next morning; how well I succeeded will appear later on. While putting my roll of blankets back in the corner I came upon a bottle half full of Japanese sake and a few dried fish, wrapped up in brown paper, and I immediately decided that this was the lunch room of one of the migratory Japs who travel between Lihue and Makaweli. After finishing my simple arrangements I sauntered down the slope toward the Spouting Horn, whose blasts came fitfully to my ears as its intermittent and geyser-like column of water shot up high in the air. It was a beautiful evening, quiet and peaceful. The sun sank into the tranquil sea, leaving a faint orange glow to mark his departure. I sat upon a rock smoking and watching the surge of the Pacific rolling with lazy force along the low rocky coast. I must have been there several hours before I decided to return to my camping place. It had become dark, and as I turned back up the slope the mild light of the tropical stars shone down

upon me. I could see the black walls of the heiau higher up and it did not look at all cheerful, and when in climbing over the wall a loosened stone fell down with a crash, I wished for some indefinable reason that it had not happened. I listened breathlessly for a moment and then crossed the enclosure to my corner, something like a prize-fighter you see, only I had to face the shadowy powers of darkness, and it was not pleasant. As I lay on the outspread blankets I found it impossible to sleep. A heavy pall of darkness seemed to rest over the heiau and it was black as the depths of a well; while not a breath of air was stirring. The bushes in the corner opposite as motionless and black as if carved out of the palpable gloom, and as I rolled and tossed a stick snapped under me, sending a thrill through my nerves. Two hours must have passed when I was sure that I heard something moving along the wall, and then the hau bushes were shaken violently above my head. Was

it climbing up the wall to drop upon me in another second? Suddenly the shaking ceased and I heard a low, heavy breathing, followed by a crunching sound. Seizing a rock, I climbed up on the wall and almost recoiled backwards, for a black object was waving in front of my eyes, when with a sudden snort of fear it bounded away, and to my intense relief, I recognized a large black steer which had been grazing near. Laughing at my fear, and with renewed confidence, I crawled under the sheltering hau bushes again; but my interest had somehow been aroused and sleep was banished from me. It must have been about midnight when I noticed a light gradually diffusing itself through the darkness, and, getting up, I crossed the heiau and looked over the wall. The great moon was rising in yellow splendor from the sea, banishing the darkness from the surface of the placid waters and casting long black shadows of trees and shrubs far up the slope. The dark line of the road was plainly visible

to the right, and there was my horse peacefully grazing just on the other side of it, and his being there somehow gave me a sense of security and companionship. If I imagined that the light was going to add to the cheerfulness of my surroundings, I was sadly mistaken. Again and again I would start up on my elbow and gaze fixedly into the bushes opposite, sure that there was something creeping amongst them, and the waving branches cast shadows which became dark and malignant forms creeping toward where I lay. Nothing came of it, but my nerves were at tension. I laughed at myself as being no better than the kanaka, but the shadow of some imminent danger rested upon me and I could not shake it off. Why was it that the spot of red in the center of the heiau, which was composed of nothing but red dirt, admirably adapted for growing sugar cane, took on a sinister aspect? It was right there that the blood had fallen, drop by drop, from the ghastly throats of the sacrificial victims.

“I set myself steadfastly to consider the work of the morrow, detail by detail; in fact, I laid out so much that there certainly would have been a strike among the men. But it was absolutely useless; all the wierd and haunting tales I had ever read came back to me. One especially stayed in my mind; I had read it years ago in an old tattered magazine that was lying about the house. It ran through my memory thus:

“‘The heavy tapestry was drawn slowly back and the insane mistress of the house, with a mastiff at her heels, stalked stealthily through the shadows towards the canopied bed, where the guest lay peacefully sleeping. A scream, a gurgling sound, a wild yell of laughter, and then a heavy knocking on the oaken door.’

“What was that? It was no vision this time. I opened my eyes and there it was, swaying on the wall; then came a thud. Crouching in the protection of the overhanging branches, with every sinew drawn to the

tension of steel, I looked across the open space into the shadows opposite. I felt there was something of dire menace to me lurking in the blackness yonder. For a moment I listened, there was not a sound, and I began to persuade myself that a stone had rolled down into the enclosure, and the object on the wall was nothing but the waving branches. Just then there came a sound from the shadows opposite, unlike anything I had ever heard; it was not exactly a moan, but more resembling the labored breathing of some strange animal. Convulsively I seized a stone near, and, half rising, was about to hurl it into the bushes, and then with all the force of my frightened energy spring over the wall and on to my horse and dash for home; but it was too late; the creature, whatever it was, had evidently heard something that aroused its suspicion and was creeping from its hiding place. It stopped half in the shadow and half in the moonlight; then I could not have moved for the life of me. It stood on all

fours waving its head slowly back and forth in the moonlight, and there came that labored breathing; an aura passed over my nerves. Slowly, inch by inch, it came; then with a cry it moved quickly to the red spot in the center of the heiau, and I started violently back. Would it spring upon me next? And my blood congealed around my heart. As it stood swaying there it partially rose and seemed trying to peer through sightless eyes, and just then the light fell upon its face.

“Merciful Heavens! I never saw its like before; it was not human. A mouth, if such it could be called, had eaten around into a cheek of awful corruption. It was the ghastliness of living death; that thing belonged in the moldering grave.

“What did it hear on the surface of the living earth, with a robe of beautiful moonlight falling all around it? It crouched, wavering for a moment, while my breathing seemed almost stifled. A dim perplexity was in its attitude, as it bent forward with one

claw-like hand outstretched and resting its weight upon the mere club of the other. I would not have had that thing touch me for a thousand worlds. Then it came, and my every energy was suddenly loosened and I sprang through the bushes, but I was not quite quick enough. The grasp of its one hand rested on my arm, and I can feel it there right now; and that face was almost against me. I cast it aside, and the creature tottered, stumbling and moaning towards the ground. I don't recollect how I got over the wall. I found my horse lying on the ground with the rope pulled tightly around the neck, and his eyes rolling in his head. Quickly cutting the rope, I sprang on the horse and gaining the road, I galloped towards home. As I glanced back I saw the head of the creature looking over the wall, following me with its eyes.

“I have never spent another night in that sacred enclosure, and when I pass by in the day time it does not look exactly right, and at

night as I gallop past I can feel that thing's eyes fixed upon my spinal column, and hear the sound of its wierd and mournful laughter. That's all."

"Well, old man, you have gone and done it," remarked one of our group. "I shall not sleep to-night without seeing ghosts. I hope there are none of those things in this section of the country."

"I believe there is an outlawed leper hiding in one of the caves on Hoary Head. The authorities are after him to send him to Molokai, and he does not propose to go. This was the case with my friend who called on me on that memorable evening in the old temple. You see his people had left the gin and fish for him in the corner of the heiau, and he came after them."



HALEAKALA.



Lo, once thou dwelt in torment and in pain;
The flames lit up thy swelling smoke;
The sky did show those passions which thine
 heart did try;
The life blood rushed from out thy sides, like
 rain,
Till black and cold it filled the lower plain;
'Twas then thy mighty friends from far
 Hawaii
Signaled to thee in flames which surged on
 high.
Now upon thy quiet air there is no stain;
And through those riven sides the white
 clouds roll,
Filling each gash and every rising cone;
Silence of death here reigns for thee alone;
But hark! far down there floats a bird's sweet
 song;
The silvery notes do reach thy mighty soul;
The strife is past and thou art scarred, yet
 strong.

THE LEGEND OF HALEAKALA.



We stood shivering on the brink. At our very feet was the crater of Haleakala, the House of the Sun, but that luminary had gone to his other realms and left his dwelling dark, unfathomable and void. No voice of nature was there, no murmuring breeze, no note of bird, no spirit of man or of God moved in those lone and abyssmal depths. Only the brilliant stars kept watch above, and they were immeasurable miles away.

We, who stood there in the cold morning air, did not add in any way to the majesty of the scene, wrapped as we were in blankets—red, white or gray.

“Like lost spirits waiting for waftage to the other shore,” remarked the humorist.

“I am sure I have lost my spirits,” said a shivering unfortunate, “I think the guide stole them.”

“It seems to me we look more like a group of savage Apaches on a bleak mountain summit sketched by Remington,” suggested the artist of the crowd.

“Ah, there she blows,” cried the first speaker, pointing toward the east, where a shaft of light had just shot from the dark sea through the gray clouds. We all turned and looked, except the newly married couple; they gazed into each other’s eyes as was their custom.

“I am so cold, dearest,” she murmured.

I suppose he furnished her with a share of his red blanket, though I was not watching.

“Ladies and gentlemen,” said the humorist, “the grand cyclorama of sunrise on Haleakala is about to open, and as a preliminary, I move we throw the poet over the brink as a propitiatory sacrifice to the God of the Sun, who appears to be shocked by our appearance; and besides the poet will attempt to describe this scene and he can’t.”

“Describe nothing,” retorted the poet,

“my teeth are chattering so my tongue can’t. Let’s throw the guide over, that will propitiate us anyway.”

But William, the guide, looked so calm and peaceful as he sat with his back against a rock, smoking a short, black pipe, that we had not the heart to disturb him.

Meanwhile the sun rose. He has done this so often that it has become a matter of course with him. But rarely has he risen surrounded with such pomp of circumstance and kingly glory. It might well have been his coronation morning, with clouds of heavy gorgeousness upon his shining shoulders, and the quick heralds of light sent to glow the distant mountain heights and to awaken the dark and slumbering sea. We seemed to be moving in worlds unrealized as the light swept across the reach of clouds at our feet, broken as a sea of tumbled ice, while around the outer rim rose forms strange or fantastic, the clouds shaping themselves into huge animals or rounding in noble palaces or rising in

lofty pinnacles, and on every one the sun had set a crown of flame. The light with rosy hands pulled slowly back the shadows from the crater until it stood clearly revealed in its silence and vastness. Then from West Maui to Molokai stretched a heavy causeway of cloud, beneath which lay the sea dark and glowing like polished porphyry. Then the sun rose above the clouds and the common light of day lay round us.

“ ’Tis past, the visionary splendor fades,” remarked the poet, but the remark was not original with him.

Our party now adjourned to the stone house on the summit known as Craigealea, and after drinking some hot coffee and warming ourselves around the open fire, the humorist and myself testified to our intention of taking William and walking down into the crater. They all said that we were several kinds of idiots, and that they would take their exercise out in watching us. The newly married couple said nothing, but looked as I have before stated.

"I think that haole can't go down," remarked William, pointing to the humorist. "His legs too thin, they break."

We all laughed except the humorist, who could not see the joke.

"Break! you fat rascal," he exclaimed, "before I am done with you, you won't be anything but an animated brown shadow."

With sarcastic comments which did not disturb our serenity, and much waving of handkerchiefs, we began the descent. We went down at a very rapid gait, the loose dirt smoking at our heels and the canteen thumping against William's fat sides. In a half hour we reached the floor of the crater and stopped to take breath. After William had lighted his pipe we went on our way. First across the black lava flows and broken aa. In the days of its storm and stress this had been the hot and glowing life-blood of the great volcano, but now it was cold, black and congealed. Beyond the flows we came to long stretches of volcanic sand, and the lofty cones

rose above us, so perfect in form that it seemed the slightest breath of air would disturb their symmetry. Their coloring was wonderful—velvety black, gray and red shading into one another. And through the vast silence the silvery notes of a bird floated down to us from the far battlements of the crater.

After a toilsome tramp we reached the other side, where the trees come down the slope, and throwing ourselves down in the shade, we looked across the burning plain and enjoyed the coolness by way of contrast, as we smoked and took chance shots at stray goats coming down the ridge.

“Do you know any stories or legends connected with Haleakala, William?” I inquired.

“Yes, I know one; my grandma always telling.”

“That’s right, William,” said the humorist, “take down your harp from the weeping lahala tree and sing to us of the departed glories of your race.”

“You see my grandma great old woman,

she kahuna, live at Hana. I hear this story every since I was kaiki. She says it comes down from some old poets."

And after gazing across the crater for a while, William began, in his native tongue:

"In former times from the distant islands of the southern sea came a strange people to Hawaii. On their spears were the great sharks' teeth, and their tabu staffs were crowned with kapa, black or white. They were great of stature and became the mois of Hawaii. Then followed a people from beyond the rising sun. Small and broad they were, and came in ships such as were never before seen within the Hawaiian seas. But stranger than these peoples was an alien race that came from out the distant north from whence the great trees come which float down to us upon the rivers of the sea, and where the trade winds take their rise, which come to cool our valleys and the burning sea.

"It was in the days when Hna, the impious king, reigned in Hana. It chanced on the

third day before the feast of Lono in the early morning when the fishermen were returning, six canoes came from out a mist that floated on the sea, and moved quickly in even line towards the curving beach. The night before the omens had portended some dire event. The sacrifices had risen from the blood-stained lele and stalked beyond the heiau's gate, while from the heights of Haleakala issued the groanings of the Thunder God. As the aliens strode upon the beach they were taller than our tallest chiefs. Their skins were red as Pele's blood that beats within her heart, but their eyes were black as is that blood when it cools upon the mountain sides, yet their glance shot fire as lightning from the thunder clouds. Their heads were encircled by high feather leis which swept backwards almost to the ground. Feathers were they, gray and white, such as never grew upon the birds that fly within the forests or float upon the sea.

“The King took the strangers to his royal

Hale and gave them food and drink. There was a woman with them, the wife of their great chief. She appeared like a prophetess, only young. Her skin was pale as is the white sea foam. Her dark eyes seemed to gaze afar off, and her smile was like the flash of the sun upon the sea. When Hua saw her he desired her for himself, and his women became as nothing in his eyes. Therefore Hua urged the red men to make their home near his Hale and they should be aliis in the land, though the priest, Luahomoe, warned the king that their coming would cast a shadow on his life. But the strangers would not dwell with the king nor with his people, but made their home far up on the slope of Haleakala, where the gray clouds ever hang and the white rain falls silently to the ground.

“Sometimes when the feather hunters sought the mammo and the oo upon the mountains, they would see a figure of one of these men standing on the highest mountain peak against the black clouds as though carved of

stone, then suddenly he would raise his arms towards the sky and a cry would come quick as a javelin piercing to the heart, or they would hear a rustling in the ferns and see a shape like a red moe moving through the green, but whence it came or whither it went they could never tell.

“It chanced that on a certain day their great chief came down to the plain and went to see the king, who was stretched at ease in front of his Hale on a kapa moe. The great chief stood and would not sit upon the matting brought by the attendant. Then the king made a sign to one of his retainers, who, in a short time, brought twelve maidens, with flowers decking their dark hair and ornaments of pearl and shells upon their ankles and their arms. They were the fairest in Hua’s court. The king waved his hand towards where they stood and said:

“ ‘Take these, O chief, they are yours, but let the white queen dwell with me.’

“Then the great chief folded his arms and

looked down at the king, while Hua's guard gathered close around him, for there was evil in the great chief's eye, and the king was a very little man before him. Then he grunted 'Umph,' and, turning, left the presence of the king and went quickly to his mountain home.

"But Hua's heart was hot within his breast, so he vowed to take the great chief's life and bring the white queen to his royal Hale. Forthwith he sent his lunapais into every valley and along the sea to summon the alii and their warriors, but a messenger came the following day from the great chief, saying:

"I know your plotting and your heart, O king. We will make an end of this matter. Place your kingdom against the possession of the white queen. Choose your mightiest warrior, and I will meet him. If I die, take the white queen, but if your warrior dies, your people and your lands are mine, O king. But this one condition; I will choose the place where this combat is to be fought.'

“The crafty Hua thought within his heart, ‘I will accept this challenge, and if my champion fall my warriors will surround him and his men and slay them. Then the white queen shall not escape me.’ So he assented. The messenger then took the king, and, pointing where the clouds were flowing through the Kambo gap, he said: ‘In yonder hollow mountain fights the chief.’

“The king’s heart was troubled then, but he dare not return upon his spoken word. Among the alii there was none so tall and powerful as the young Kualā. In all the sports of peace he was pre-eminent. While in war none could hurl the spear so swiftly, nor use the javelin with such skillful hands, and when he whirled the battle axe above his head none could see it for the speed. He was chosen champion by the king.

“For many days the priests consulted the oracles within the enclosure of the sacred anu, but the omens puzzled them, and they said the Gods were not at peace among themselves.

“It was on the evening before the day set, just as the sun sank into the sea, there came a cloud, blacker than the kapa for the dead, moving slowly above the sea, and the gray rain following as a veil behind it. The air around was very still. Then suddenly the cloud turned to crimson and the mountain and the thousands on the beach were reddened as though by the glow from a great fire. All were frightened, but Kuala only laughed and said: ‘If it storms now it will be cooler on the morrow.’ The old priest shook his head and said: ‘My son, that mountain height will be plenty cool enough for thee.’

“Late in the afternoon of the destined day the hosts of Maui were gathered in the arms of the great mountain. Foremost stood the king. Around his shoulders fell the yellow mamu cloak, and on his head a helmet yellow as his robe, save its crest, which was red with the feathers of the scarlet bird. Behind him stood the priests in feather cloaks red as the blood of their sacrifices, while in a half circle

rose the hundred alii in cloaks with colors mingled of the royal yellow and the priestly red. As the sunlight shone upon them they were in form and color as the rainbows bent above the valleys green, and on the rounded hills of sand above them stood the warriors thicker than the leaves upon the forest trees, and their thousand spears made the red hills black. A murmur ran amongst them as when the voice of the sea comes on the south wind and the sky is gray. The priests chanted in low tones the meles of Kuala's race, and waved their arms as they sang of heroic deeds. Kuala stood quietly by the king and looked across the lava plain where, in the distance, could be seen the red men moving, one behind the other in a line. They came very swiftly. When they reached a hundred paces from where stood the king they stopped. The white queen stood forth before them. Her color was no longer as the pale foam, for the blood beat quickly in her cheeks, and she breathed as though she had been running,

while her eyes shone so that even Hua turned his glance away. The great chief stood near her, but impassive as though carved of stone. Behind them the warriors stood lean and red with strange colors on their faces, and their heads were crowned with warlike feathers. They moved not, nor looked upon the warriors on the hills, regardless of them as though they were but crawling ants. Then the messenger of the chief advanced across the sand and stood before the king.

“ ‘ O, King, the chief is ready now to offer the victim chosen by you for the sacrifice.’

“ Hua replied: ‘ My champion is here at my right hand, and to-night we will wrap your chief in the funereal kapa, and the black sharks will dine upon his flesh.’ He would have spoken more, but the messenger turned upon his heel and left the king.

“ Kuāla threw aside his feathered cloak and advanced slowly towards the level sand. Then there rose a shout from the hosts upon the hills louder than the thunder of the great

waves falling on the beach, and the priests chanted in loud tones, beating wildly on their sacred drums. The great chief advanced to meet his foe, then stopped, and with arms outstretched towards the sun, gazed straight into its burning light while his voice reached to the remotest warrior on the hills, though none could understand the words, so strange they were. Then he turned and faced Kuala, who stood twenty paces distant. All was quiet as is the air before a coming storm. Kuala slowly raised his spear above his head, and bending quickly forward, sent it with such force that none could see it in the air, but the great chief was quicker than the spear, and it went past him deep into the sand. His spear flew so close to Kuala that he felt the wind of its speed upon his cheek. The second time they raised their arms together and sent the weapons whirling through the air. The warrior's spear struck some feathers from the great chief's head, but his spear went straight toward Kuala's heart, yet before it touched

his body he caught it with his hands and turned its course aside, but staggered backwards with the force. Then the warriors cried in lamentation on the hills, but when they saw he was unhurt a shout arose louder than the first. The last spear Kuala poised above his head was of polished koa, tipped with ivory, whose point had been dipped in Po's dark waters, and carrying death upon its slightest touch. But it never reached the red chief, for the two spears met in the air with a great clash and fell broken on the sand. Then the two warriors rushed towards each other and met midway on the sand, their javelins clashing as they met. Suddenly the light had faded, while gray clouds covered the crater as with a roof, and the white rain began to fall thick and fast, laying like white stars on cloaks of alii and of king. Kuala and the great chief could be dimly seen as they whirled around each other in the strife, faster than seabirds on the wing. Now rushing together, now stepping quick aside, but Kuala's

breathing could be heard by the king and his alii standing near, while the great chief moved quicker than the red lightning from the clouds, without a sound save when his javelin struck the warrior's. But moving backward from Kuala's rush, his heel struck upon a stone, and he swayed slightly. Then the warrior's javelin tore his shoulder till the red blood came. With a cry that made the king and all his followers shiver as with cold, he sprang past Kuala's javelin and fastened his teeth within his flesh, and his face was like a demon as he tore the warrior's throat, and Kuala fell slowly back upon the sand, writhing in quick death. Then the Hulumanu, standing by the king, threw his spear and pierced the great chief, who fell face downward on the sand. From the hills the warriors came with a mighty rush, as slides the land from the steep mountain sides, while the red men waited their coming with faces lean and fierce. They stood as does a rock within the sea when the great waves surge upon it

and fall back in beaten foam 'until one mightier than the rest o'erwhelms it. So stood, so fell the red men on that day. Hua marked not the raging of the strife, but through the tumult pushed his way toward where the white queen stood alone. She fled with exceeding swiftness, moving like a shadow through the falling mist. Hua, in furious anger, raised his spear and sent it straight towards her as she fled. Then the clond grew thicker and closed around them. Instantly a great cry was heard, and the king's people found him bleeding on the sand, with his spear point centering in his breast. Whither the white queen went none ever knew. But sometimes the hunter, following his lonely trail through the great mountain, sees a woman's form wrapped in moving mist, and with dark hair floating wildly around the pallor of her face."

"That's all," said the guide.

"That's quite a lie, William," said the humorist.

“I don’t know; the old lady says it is just so.”

As we started on our homeward trail the clouds began rolling through the two gaps and an opaque mist soon lay around us. William headed the procession, and we had gone about a quarter of a mile and were near the great cone when William stopped suddenly and grasped the humorist by the arm, almost white with terror.

“Look,” he said, pointing towards where the fog had lifted somewhat, and a current of air was whirling the mist, and in the mist a woman’s form and face could be clearly seen. I looked inquiringly at the humorist.

“Can such things be,” he said, “and overcome us like a summer cloud, without our special wonder.”

“There are more things in earth and Heaven, Horatio,” I suggested.

Then we went on in silence through the falling mist, but the humorist took the lead.

THE SOUTHERN CROSS.



Thou hangest at the girdle of the night
When night is the dark priestess of the seas.
Soft shines, emblem of love, the Pleiades;
In Orion's belt the sword of war is bright,
But thou dost show unto our earthly sight
A deeper vision than can come from these—
Of Him who drained earth's grief unto the
 lees,

Whose cross of wood is changed to stars of
 light.

Thou art low set in depths of tropic skies
While sleeps the sea beneath the balmy air;
Yet where far south the stormy waters rise
In waves of tossing gray, clear thou dost bear
On high thy sign of hope for searching eyes;
The gloom of night but shrines thy presence
 there.

A SAUNTER THROUGH HONOLULU.



I use the word saunter advisedly. You are not apt to rush wildly through the streets of this tropical town, spurred on by the devils of competition and haste. The American impetus in your blood has died down gradually as the soothing spell of the tropics has asserted itself more and more. You realize that the natives know what they are about as they lie stretched out on the grass beneath the spreading trees, drinking with much enjoyment the stimulating swipes. For beyond the cool line of the shade is the glaring light, flowing down from the sun, deep set in the depths of blue, and it falls on burning streets, glistening sea and shadowless mountains. The kanaka's energy reaches its climax in the evening when he strolls out in the moonlight

with his guitar swung before him to serenade his dark-eyed beloved, dressed in a red holoku, as she leans from some balcony overhanging the street.

As you loiter along the road your eye is held by the wonderful foliage filling the yards. There are the green crotons, spotted with yellow, as if nature had used her brush somewhat recklessly upon them. Bordering the sidewalks are the hibiscus hedges, with their flaming red flowers, looking out from amid the green leaves and staring open-eyed at the passerby on the highway. Then there are the avenues of royal palms. What striking trees they are! With their wonderful grace and beauty! the plumes springing from their crests like fountains of living green. In another yard you see rows of date palms along the driveway, their rough hewn trunks making them look like barbarians, compared with their brethren, the royal palms. In the center of some green lawn you notice the fan palm, with its wide spread of leaves, their

stems close set together as the scales of a fish. It is a tropical harp, this tree, on which the soft south wind plays its lingering melodies, and every now and then there comes to you the fragrance from the flowering trees, whose branches and stems are covered as thickly with blossoms as a bending twig is with a swarm of honey bees. They vary in color, some lilac, some purple, others pale pink or white.

It is a characteristic of Honolulu to have the houses merely accessory to the yards, and the houses are simply incidental to the broad lanais. They are a very pleasant feature, these lanais, in the shadows of which swing the hammocks, and with potted ferns and plants set here and there. As you draw near the downtown portion of the city there is a noticeable increase in the number of small shops, mostly Chinese. Honolulu is the pake's paradise. It is the ambition of every Chinaman, after his term of service on the plantation has expired, to come down to the metropolis and

open a shop, wherein he will expose for sale watermelons, bananas, lichee nuts, soda-pop and ginger ale.

The Chinaman seems to enjoy life in his simple oriental way. He delights to forgather with his friends in the evening, in the back part of his store, sitting on bags of rice, or other merchandise, or, if it is a more ambitious establishment, he and his friends sit on ebony chairs, inlaid with cheap pearl, and placed around the inevitable tea table, with the china teapot on it, ornamented with a blue dragon, and before each one is placed a small china bowl, and there they talk by the hour. Of what they find to say, we Occidentals have no conception. Their's is an unknown country, both of speech and of thought. Besides these conversational parties and the forbidden opium, their principal amusement is frequenting the theater. You see them going in droves in the evening, dressed in silk shirts of varied hues, lilac, black and purple, worn a la oriental outside their trousers.

Honolulu being the home of many and varied nationalities, is naturally the place for numerous curious signs. Here is a very mild sample which I recollect:

M. MURASIGE

Cleaner and Dyer

Very, too active.

This equals the epitaph of a Japanese damsel in the little church-yard at Lihue, Kanai. It is printed on an upright board and is striking in its simplicity. It runs thus:

She

born Tokio

she die

Lihue

August 15th 1896.

But to resume our walk. We are glad to hurry through the business part of the town, which is hot and ugly, with its concrete stores and the heavy iron shutters fastened before the windows. Here you see misguided men rushing along the sidewalks in their shirt sleeves intent on business or speculation. If

a steamer is in from the Colonies the sidewalks will be filled with peculiar looking people. The men, generally dressed in heavy gray suits, with knickerbockers, and with short black pipes stuck in their faces. The women wearing either tam-o'shanters or bonnets with thick green veils. Their naturally ruddy English complexions are apt to take on an added hue under the tropical sun. On the corners near the saloons stand the steerage passengers, with flaming hibiscus flowers in their button holes, gazing with open-mouthed interest at the specimens of tropical foliage which come under their observation.

A steamer being in, one naturally drifts down to the water front. From there you can look back into Nuuanu Valley, with its symmetrical sweep of green stretching from mountain height to height, and with its ever present gateway of clouds rolled massively together at the northern end; while far out to seaward, almost on the level with your eye, stretches the white line of foam, where the waves roll on the coral reefs, and still farther beyond is the blue of the horizon, tinged with

bronze. All is activity along the wharves. The little inter-island steamers are unloading their cargoes into the ships. Portuguese and native stevedores swarm everywhere. Bags of sugar are swung aloft, and lowered into the deep holds of the ships, to the accompaniment of the throbbing donkey engines, while merchandise is taken out and deposited on the wharves so that you can hardly move around amongst the piles of coal, fertilizers and provisions of all sorts. The great ships lie quietly in their berths, enjoying the calm after the hazards of the sea. Far up towards the blue sky, on the tops of their masts, the metal balls glisten in the sun, while the furled sails lie upon the cross masts like drifted snow. Reflected from the water, the sunbeams shine upon their bows in a network of wavering light. Out in the harbor lies the cruiser Baltimore, held in her anchorage by two chains drawn taut from her flaming nostrils into the bay. Very peaceful she looks, all in white, resting upon the smooth blue waters of the harbor, with the eight-inch guns closed and the tropical breezes wandering underneath her

awnings—but that was many months before the first of May, 1898.

One of the most striking incidents of life along the water front occurs when a steamer leaves for the coast. The wharf is jammed with people down to see their friends off for 'Erisco. The unfortunates who are about to depart are loaded down with leis of all kinds and colors, carnations, maile, tube-rose, et al., until they look like hanging gardens. As the steamer swings out into the stream the Hawaiian band plays the Star Spangled Banner, Auld Lang Syne, and closes with Hawaii Ponoï, and from the decks comes the fluttering of many handkerchiefs and salt tears are dropping silently into the salty sea. The steamship heads into the narrow path marked by the red buoys, with a blast of farewell to Honolulu, which lies hidden beneath her spreading trees, and with the great mountains clothed in green rising in the background.

It is really too hot to walk through all of Honolulu in the day time, so let us see the Oriental part in the evening. The windows of the Japanese stores first attract one's atten-

tion. They are filled with fabrics beautiful and rare. Silks and laces and screens, the last covered with wonderful birds and foliage, which certainly must have come from some Japanese paradise. Then there are the vases ornamented with dragons of remarkable hues, with astonishing mouths, or perhaps they are cast in simple bronze, with gold chrysanthemums on either side. It is indeed a new world of beauty these people have opened to our eyes. Passing on we come to where the Chinaman is working with his never-ceasing industry, in his varied callings. Through the windows of a shop you see among a dozen others an old Chinaman working over a piece of gold, fashioning it into curious shapes with his delicate tools of steel. The light from a tray of oil, in which is burning slender pieces of tallow, shines into his yellow face, and reflects in his huge glasses as he bends hour after hour over his work. In the next store is a merchant going over his accounts behind a screen of ground glass, his eyes intent on the curious hieroglyphics marked in long black and red lines on the account paper that lies before

him. At his elbow is the abacus of sliding beads, which he invariably uses in making calculations. The next store perhaps is a tea shop, the wall divided into squares, each one bearing a red label with Chinese characters upon it. In the back of the store are several tea tables, where the merchant and his friends can drink this cheering but not inebriating liquid. The Chinaman must have his tea with the same regularity that the German requires his beer, the Frenchman his absinthe and the American his mixed drinks.

The Chinaman has his own gods. And in every store whether it belongs to a wealthy merchant or to some petty dealer in vegetables, one sees the peacock feathers of many eyes, framing the piece of red cloth on the wall, on which is inscribed in gilt letters the mystic signs of his religion.

Through the streets there flows in the evening a mixed human stream, crowds of natives decked with flowers and carrying guitars, singing and shouting and more or less intoxicated. Japanese women shuffling along the sidewalks, with their heavy wooden clogs and

dressed in tight-fitting kimonas, which hamper their every step. There are blue jackets from the men-of-war, sailors from the merchantmen and Chinamen on their way to the theaters, and the cheerful Chinese music can be heard in its creaking melody across the Nuann stream. Back from the streets, reached by narrow, tortuous alleys, are miserable hovels, where burns the opium lamp with its devotees around it, engaged in smoking the black drug, till their eyes are glazed and the dark poison is transmuted for them into glorious visions, carrying them far, far into a dreamy eternity.

But it is time to leave this crowded Oriental quarter and to return to the civilized portion of the town. In the square the band is playing. The moonlight falls softly on the dark foliage of the trees, and the palms are glistening with light, as with moisture, while above the sharp crests of the mountains the clouds rise upward in masses of billowy white, and around the island lies the calm and resplendent sea.

LEAHI.



(Diamond Head.)

As lies the Sphinx upon old Egypt's sand
In silence deep, while slow the years unfold
E'en so thou watchest where the waters hold
Their sway—the waves slow marching on the
land

Till lines of foam are stretched along the
strand.

Thou seest with a glance assured and bold
The secret sea beneath thy feet unrolled;
While spirits of the deep thou dost command
Or crouchest like the lion of the seas
Though years have changed thy fiery heart to
stone.

Below the plain is filled with tropic trees,
While from the flowering shrubs and plants
is blown

A heavy fragrance on the languid breeze;
Yet mid the beauty thou art stern, alone.

THE TRADE AND THE SOUTH WIND.



The trade wind was in a stern humor, as he started southward from his northern home of mist and snow. He drove the clouds in blue-gray masses along the stormy horizon and the ocean was dark and sullen beneath his icy breath; while the ships bore westward, under bare poles, lurching through the angry waters. But as he blew on and on towards the South the trade wind became milder and milder in temper and gayer in spirit. For was not the sun shining in clear splendor from the cloudless blue? And there was the great sea to wander over as he chose. So he swept onward joyously, while beneath his steps the waters were quickened into thousands of waves, tossing gaily their white and gleaming crests. For many days he was alone with the sea, the sky and his children of the waves.

But at last there rose within the circle of the horizon the dark forms of several islands, and the trade wind flew upward towards the sky so that he might observe them, and he discovered that a white haze lay over the islands and there was not a single cloud on mountain or on sea, and a breath of hot air blew against his cool cheek. “Ha,” exclaimed the trade wind, “that miserable fellow, the south wind, has come back again. How many times must I tell him to stay at home in the south seas. This time I shall drive him back beyond the equator.” So he summoned his messengers, the white clouds, which were resting in broken detachments along the horizon, and they sailed serenely up towards the sky and floated on before him till they rolled in billowy masses of white above the serrated tops of the mountains. As the cool shadows spread over the sweltering valleys and the burning plains, the leaves began to rustle with the first breath of life, the long grasses lifted their drooping heads and the birds commenced to twitter among the trees.

The people who were stifling in the town were thankful when they saw the clouds rolling above the mountains and felt the first cool breeze. The tired women in their homes said: "Thank Heaven, there comes the trades," while the men down town, bending over huge ledgers in hot offices, or rushing along the burning sidewalks in their shirt sleeves, swore softly to themselves and said: "It is about time."

The south wind perceived that it was time for him to depart, so he withdrew slowly and languidly from the mountains and valleys. "My dear trade wind," he said, in his soft and courteous way, "I shall return to the seas beyond the equator for a little while. Your brisk ways are very trying to me, but I really think I shall come back again, and so adieu for the present." This rather insolent speech made the trade wind so angry that he pursued his enemy with unrelenting force until the sea was tossed wildly behind his furious path, but by and by, as he got further and further

south, a curious drowsiness crept over him, which he could not shake off. The clouds became a white and wavering haze before his eyes and an overpowering desire possessed him to rest on the blue bosom of the sea forever. The south wind saw his opportunity and he drove his helpless foe back, back until the cloudy banners were withdrawn from the mountains and he returned to the land of the mist and snow. But we know that when the trade wind feels the reviving breath of his northern home he will return to us again. So here's aloha to the trade wind, and may he come often, with his life-giving breath to these islands and their intermingling seas.



SUN SHEE.



Little Sun Shee lived in Honolulu, but she was born in the flowery kingdom and had been brought to the island of Oahu when she was five, and she had now arrived at the advanced age of twelve. You could see her quite frequently standing in the door of the store, with a Chinese baby strapped on her back and her glossy black hair hanging in a braid, the end of which was intertwined with red silk, so that it almost touched the ground. In these comparative idle moments, she used to watch the little native girls playing on the street, or the white ones riding on wheels or on the tram cars. Perhaps she envied them at the base of her impassive little soul, and she certainly did wonder why they never had to work. As for herself she did not recall the time she was not obliged to toil. If she did not wake up in the morning before the

sun did, her owner, for she was nothing but a little slave girl, would rouse her by striking her with a heavy strap, which left marks on her body that became blue by night. But she did not fear her master as much as she did his woman Wong Fui, who took delight in torturing the girl in her cold-blooded Oriental way. She would drive her into the dark little room back of the store and pull at the jade earrings in the child's ears, or else she would take the two-pronged hairpin from her wonderfully put up hair and stick it into the girl's flesh. There was nothing of anger or revenge in this; it only served to send a curious thrill of pleasure through her veins to see the child cringing before her and absolutely in her power. Sun Shee never wept or cried out, or rebelled, but bore it all with Chinese patience.

It was little wonder that she was miserable. Her only respite was to escape to the flat roof of the house, which was surrounded with a wooden parapet. Of course she had to take

Wong Fui's child with her, for she had the constant care of the youngster. This roof was the oasis in her life. The old yellow cat would follow her up and roll around on the hot gravel that covered the roof, or chase the tip of Sun Shee's queue as she swung it around. They were very good friends, these two. Then the child took pleasure in the Chinese lilies ranged along the parapet, in their green China bowls, and she used to poke around with her finger among the clean white pebbles in the water around the bulbous roots. To count and to put them into different combinations was almost as keen a pleasure for her as to shift the beads back and forth on the abacus. At times she would lean over the parapet and gaze at the ships lying in the harbor slips, ornamented with curious figureheads and with their great bowsprits extending far over the wharfs, making them resemble monsters of the deep raising themselves up to look over the land. She used to imagine herself sail-

ing away on one of these vessels and being free forever from the clutches of her owners. After hesitating between the claims of various ships, she decided that the big ship, with the woman's figure at the prow, clothed in white and with outstretched beckoning hand, was the one she preferred. It looked very comfortable and cool under the awning stretched over the after part of the ship, and there was a green parrot, in a gilded cage attached to the mast, which was discoursing in profane accents. Just as Sun Shee was far away in her dreams, she would feel a hand on her queue and find herself jerked suddenly backwards, while the cat would leap on the parapet with ruffled tail and make tracks for the adjoining roof. It would be Wong Fui, who had crept silently up the ladder, expecting to catch the child unawares, and who scolded in accents which resembled to foreign ears the cackling of an agitated hen. Little Sun Shee would descend patiently the ladder and go silently to the fate that awaited her in the dark room below.

At length, however, matters came to a climax. It was the first day of Chinese New Year, and the little girl was standing in the doorway with the child on her back, watching the hacks drive by, filled with family parties of Chinese. Each vehicle was overflowing with little Orientals, dressed in gorgeous silks of every hue known to the flowery kingdom. They did not shout and pull each other's queues and throw firecrackers at the harmless passerby, as the little foreign devils would have done. They seemed quite demure, but their small yellow faces were filled with the sober joy of anticipation. Perhaps they would drive out past Palama, way to Moanalua, or maybe they would go up Manoa Valley and see papa's "flend" and clansman, who probably had a banana plantation up there. Sun Shee would have given her little pigtail to have been able to go with them, but she had extra work waiting on her master's guests. All the other children in the block had firecrackers to burn, and the narrow streets were drifted with red flakes of paper. Even the funny little Japs, with their queer

chrysanthemum tufts of hair, were shouting over the sputtering bunches of crackers, but the blue devils seemed destined to stay around Sun Shee's door for that year at least. But the worst devil that haunted her just then came around the corner in the shape of a bent old Chinaman with long black nails, and with eyes that looked furtively out from his overhanging mane of black hair. Not being a white child, Sun Shee did not run and hide under the counter, but she could not help shrinking a little as he rested his hands on her shoulder and peered into her face. She wondered if he was going to make another effort to buy her from her master. He was quite rich, as he owned a banana plantation at Waikiki, and he was also a prominent director in a chee fa bank, a gambling institution prohibited by law. The old reprobate went into the back room with Wong Tai, and an animated discussion took place over the samshu, and their shrill accents reached the ears of the little girl and she knew that they were bargaining for her. The upshot was that the old pake came out and picking up the unresisting

child, placed her in the back of his wagon, and drove off. As the cart rattled down King street a desperate idea came into Sun Shee's head, that is, desperate for a Chinese girl. While the old pake was busy beating his bag-of-bones of a horse, Sun Shee slipped out of the back of the wagon and in a short time was running along Maunakea street, and, crossing the stream, was soon lost in what was, at that time, a maze of narrow alleys. At last she came to a spot which seemed just the place for her to take refuge in. It was where a large mango tree stood in a deserted yard. Its great dome, with the mass of green relieved by the red slips of the newer leaves, shadowed a little stream of water which ran through the yard. The yard itself was surrounded by a high board fence, and tall grasses grew everywhere, and in one corner was a bunch of sugar cane. What luxury it was for Sun Shee to lay down in the shade of the mango tree with the rank vegetation concealing her from observation. No more slavery for her. She was not lonely for she had no home to regret and was just as free as

the white clouds floating in splendor over the green valley beyond.

The little stream furnished her with water to drink and then there were mangoes and sugar cane and bananas. After the first few days she gained sufficient courage to venture out and made friends with the children that played their queer games near the coffee shop on the corner of Lilihia road. But she sometimes felt very lonely at night with the black shadow of the mango tree over her and when the only sounds were made by the insects along the stream. Very often, about midnight, a crowd of drunken kanakas would pass along the narrow path-way, shouting and hic-coughing their hula songs, then Sun Shee would be so frightened that she would crawl into the long grass and never venture out till hours after they had passed. It seemed to her if she could only have the old yellow cat he would protect her. So one unfortunate evening she left her place of refuge, planning to slip around to the vicinity of her master's store to see if she could find her old playmate. While she was going down Mounakea street

she failed to notice the young Chinaman with a slouch hat and a hang-dog look, who was stealthily following her. Suddenly he reached out and grasped her by the shoulder, saying in Chinese "I know you, you come down to the police station with me." "Tomorrow the judge send you back home, and your master will whip you to death." So the scared child was taken down and put in a cell and the friendly mango tree did not see her again. However, she did not go back into the clutches of Wong Fni. For the suspicions of the authorities became aroused in her case, and neither her old or new master dared to appear in court the next day. Accordingly, she was sent to a girls' school in Honolulu, and every Sunday she marches to church in column with the other girls. She does not mind if she has to help in the kitchen, carry water and sew, but she sometimes misses the yellow cat, and the place of the mango tree. I might add that Sun Shee's name was changed to Sunshine and she became the pride of the school, but I desire that this narrative should be strictly accurate.

MANUWELL SOUZA.



Souza is the guardian of the light-house near Nawililwili Bay, on the east coast of the Island of Kauai. But I hasten to state for the benefit of any incipient office seeker from the States, that Mr. Souza's job brings him is only six dollars per month and that a large proportion of his drinking water is drawn from the corrugated iron roof of his house, and tastes strongly of salt. Manuwell is a short, thick-set Portugee with a stubby grizzled beard. He has followed the sea since he was able to walk, and his eyes seem to have become saturated with the blue of its waters and there is in them something of the gleam and shrewdness of salt. He is a New Englander by birth, as he proudly informs his visitors. "Yees, I was born in Massachusetts, varee goot yankee; when small keed poppa, he say to me, 'You lazee brat, you go catch your own feesh.' I catch heem ever

since." At this pitiful narration Souza would slap his thick thigh, and his leathery face would wrinkle with wholesome merriment.

In the thirty years of seafaring life, he had experienced many and strange adventures, but so reticent was he in regard to his past that only a few facts could be gleaned from him. He had been shipwrecked five times, once in the China seas, when the crew had been attacked by pirates. He was also on the frigate "Wabash" when Farragut fought for the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans. When I asked him for some of the details of his adventurous career he branched off, as was his custom, into the narration of some local incident. "Nevare mind that now, I tell you about my boss' leetle boy and the peegs. Before I get lighthouse, I milk cows for the boss. One day the leetle deevil came to me and say, 'Manuwell we go beesness together, poppa give me one sow and one boor soon there be lots leetle peegs, and we sell them to poppa and get reech. I give you half, you feed 'em.' I say 'all right.' By and by old sow have eight peegs, and one night

she eet them all up. I tell leetle boy, he cry verra much, but his poppa bought old sow for seex dolla. All right, but we not reech Oh! No!" This tragical incident seemed to furnish him great amusement and he would throw back his head and laugh, till he would shake all over.

The lighthouse was a delightful place to spend an afternoon, when the trade wind was blowing freshly down the channel, and the waves were tumbling and foaming over the black lava rocks, the green of the water marbled with the foam. Vines and thick grass covered the rocky coast and you could easily find some convenient place in the shadow of a rock to stretch out and read, or watch the moods of the changing sea. While landward you could see the great fields of sugar cane, like an inland lake of green, backed by the clear-cut mass of Waialeale.

The lighthouse keeper was the soul of hospitality and as soon as the visitor hove in sight above his horizon he would wave his hat and hurrah with much enthusiasm, "Coom right in," he would say, "Ol' woman not at home,

but I make you some coffee all myself;" and so he would. It looked very black and strong as he poured it into the china bowl, but it was not half bad, for the old sailor was a man of resources. His one room was decorated with illuminated texts of scripture and with a couple of highly-colored prints of ladies, advertising the merits of a particular soap. Over the small table hung a marble crucifix. But, as is the case with many other people, I fear that Souza's religion was largely external.

He was quite content to be again neighbor to his old friend the sea. One of his patrons, a wealthy plantation owner, had given him a boat, which he kept in a small sandy cove, below the house. There were, however, one or two drawbacks to his complete happiness. He could not raise grapes, for as soon as the leaves came out the salt air would nip them black. Another thing that disturbed his soul's serenity was the fact that he could not catch any of the sharks that infested the waters of the bay, for which he had an old salt's hatred. Although he had carefully rigged up some long poles that extended

out over the water. "All right, you black deevils," he would say, shaking his fist towards the sea, "When I catch you I eet you alive." Though Mauwell could not catch sharks, and raise grapes, he had fine success with chickens. They were scattered all over the promontory, picking up insects and bugs, and laying innumerable eggs in their cosy nests among the lava rocks. "Yees, plenty cheeckens," he said to my comment on their number, "cheeckens to burn." He had picked up the phrase from some of the boys who were home from school.

His helpmate, Mrs. Souza, was a funny old woman and the yellow skin of her face was as thickly intersected with lines as is the map of a Colorado mining claim. Around her head she generally wore a yellow cotton handkerchief. "Saneta Marie," she would say, "the meesquitos eet me all up, Peelikia," then her mouth would expand in an almost toothless grin, and the skin would wrinkle up so as to almost shut out her little black eyes. She would repeat this complaint about the "meesquitos" over

and over again. But in her own tongue she was voluble enough. In fact so much so that old Souza would become exasperated and beat her with a stick of the size approved by the common law. But this was merely a coincidence and showed no desire on the part of Manuwell to keep within the bounds of the law. This meant subsequent trouble for the old fellow, when his boss's wife found out about it. You would hardly imagine in the light of these conjugal episodes that there had been any romance connected with Souza's marriage, but there was. Perhaps in the glad old days in Portugal, Marie Souza had been a happy-hearted girl, with dark fringed eyelashes and lithe figure dancing down the vineyard rows, until the gallant sailor whispered into her ear the magic words and she fled with him across the seas.

But let Souza tell it himself. It happened that I was with him in the lighthouse, which looked like a large bird-house raised high on wooden timbers, and roofed with corrugated iron. Inside was a huge oil lamp with reflector, which was placed behind the glass

window, set in the corner of the building and which looked out on the channel in both directions. The room was ornamented with a picture of President Dole and several colored prints. If I could look into the place now I am sure I would discover pictures of Admiral Dewey and President McKinley. Souza was busy polishing the reflectors and was speaking on general subjects, when he suddenly seized the brass telescope, and rushed out on the windy platform, and leveled it up the channel. By the way, Souza claimed that this glass was one of extraordinary power enabling him to look over the horizon at times. Personally I could not see a hundred yards with it. But I always squinted through it dutifully and exclaimed on its remarkable clearness. I followed Souza out. He said he was taking observations on the liner China bound for Honolulu. I could see nothing but white caps on the horizon. After this diversion was over Souza returned to his polishing and I led him gently around to a chronicle of his domestic experiences. "You know I traveled much around the world. I see plenty, plenty

wimens. I find you can no trust them, so I say to myself Manuwell when you get a woman, get one so ugly nobody bother you. So I found Marie, she just suit me, she came with her peeples from Madeira and was working on Maui on contract, I pay feefteen dolla down on her contract, and thirty dolla in seex months. When time up I go to boss and say you take old woman back now. He get verra mad, and make me pay all up. Marie, he good woman, but talk, talk all time, make me mad then pilikia again." So endeth the romance of Manual Souza.

The last time I saw the venerable Souza, was in the little Lihue church, which stands white between the rows of iron wood trees, facing the distant sea. He had on his Sunday clothes, consisting of a Prince Albert coat, flannel shirt, with a flaming handkerchief tied under the collar, and light trousers drawn roughly over cowhide boots. He was holding a hymn book in his brown hairy fist, and singing with the greatest unction. I knew that his presence at church indicated a storm center at home and

a desire on his part to re-establish himself in the good graces of the plantation people who were his patrons. "Yees, I give the ol' women leetle licking," he said in reply to my whispered question, "she go to the big house, sit on the step, and cry whenever she see the boss' wife, pilikia for me." Then he resumed his singing, but there was a quissical gleam in his old eye, which indicated something besides devotion. Doubtless old Souza has his faults, but one can not help liking him for his indomitable cheerfulness and pluck. So here is success to you Manuwell, and may the grapevines yet twine around your cottage door, and the black sharks come to fasten on your bait.



THE ROYAL PALM AND THE ALIEN PINE.



It was very, very warm. There were no cooling clouds resting upon the sharp-cut mountain crests; even the trade winds were dozing in the green mountain valleys; and the great sea-rollers curled listlessly over on the reefs and rippled lazily upon the heated sands of the beach; while the dark-hued natives lay on the shady grass peacefully asleep with their heads resting on their folded arms. The tropical trees and flowers seemed to be drinking in the heat with quiet enjoyment. But the somber Pine tree was very unhappy and sighed deeply as the fitful breeze stirred among his dark branches.

“What is the matter, brother Pine?” questioned the broad and buxom banana tree, who was standing near by with her numerous progeny around her. “You look so dark and frowning; you should certainly feel happy this beautiful afternoon, for what can be

pleasanter than a quiet warm day with no breeze stirring to tear my leaves."

In reply the Pine tree only shook his limbs as much as to say: "Leave me alone, can't you? I want to think."

He was indeed in a very bad humor, for as a rule he was rather kind to the banana tree, for he liked her cheerful ways.

Then the Royal Palm decided he would stir up the pine a little as he disliked this tree exceedingly since he held aloof from the court and would not acknowledge his sovereignty. For the Pine came of a royal northern line and was very proud though in exile; while the Palm was a Prince of the South and was acknowledged as lord and looked up to by all the other trees and flowers which grew on the Island. What a handsome fellow he was, too! With his clean straight body and the tight collar of royal green around his throat, while on his crest were waving plumes which glistened in the sun.

"Mr. Pine," said the Royal Palm, bending his stately head slightly toward his rival, "You look very glum this afternoon; if you

do not like our island why do you not leave it? You are the one dark spot amidst all the beauty of our court."

"My lord," replied the Pine, "if you will permit me to say so, your plumes look rather frowsy this afternoon; doubtless they indicate your Highness' state of mind. I shall certainly not leave so long as I can add to your pleasure by remaining."

At this remark the Papaia tree, who was one of the royal guards, interposed. He was a straight young fellow and his rather light skin was tattooed with numerous hearts, while his branches stood straight out from his head making him look like a green Kahili; but beyond all these attractions the Papaia was a kamaaina (old resident), and was proud of the fact.

"It is insolent of you sire to speak thus to his Royal Highness; you are only a mulihini (stranger), understanding neither our laws, customs nor habits and having no place nor right in sunny Hawaii."

"My dear young savage," replied the Pine tree grimly, "I wish I might take you away

with me from this sunny land to the cold and high mountains where the air is very thin and you would then not have sufficient breath to talk so much."

At this audacious speech all the other trees and flowers stirred uneasily as though they were about to make a remark in chorus, but they were timid and thought it wiser not to attack the dark Pine any further, for he really seemed an unpleasant fellow when aroused.

As the afternoon waned and the sun sank nearer to the blazing sea, the Pine tree passed out of his defiant mood, and gradually becoming more and more somnolent, he finally fell into a deep sleep and was carried far away in his dreams. Once more he was on the mountain side with his straight dark brethren around him and thousands of them filling the slope below. The clear breeze was blowing amongst them with a low murmuring sound, and in the ravine the water could be heard tinkling over the smooth granite boulders, while in the little pools the speckled trout shot hither and thither, or "stayed" their bodies against the current.

Far down he could see the plains stretching far away to the eastern horizon and here and there upon their broad surface lay the cooling shadows cast by the broken, luminous clouds, which lay like a great white fleet anchored between sky and earth.

Then the scene changed and he saw a storm moving downwards in white folds from mountain height to height until it covered the great slopes and filled the deep canyons. Then it came eddying and whirling in myriad white particles around him; first blurring and finally shutting from view comrades until he was alone with the storm. The power of the tempest stirred the sap under his bark and a wave of somber exultation came over him, under the influence of which he awoke and saw the stars shining in soft lustre through the night, while on the warm and languid air came the fragrance of tropical flower and tree.

A numbing pain seemed to find its way through the tough fibre to the stout heart of the alien Pine, and he said to himself, "Be it ever so lovely, there's no place like home."

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